

That quaint in Greene, she shall be loose en-roab'd,  
With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;  
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,  
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,  
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

*Hof.* Which means she to deceive? Father, or Mother.

*Fen.* Both (my good Hof) to go along with me:  
And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar  
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve, and one,  
And in the lawfull name of marrying,  
To give our hearts vnitd ceremony.

*Hof.* Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,  
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

*Fen.* So shall I euermore be bound to thee;  
Besides, Ile make a present recompence.

Exeunt

## Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Falstoffs, Quickly, and Ford.

*Fal.* Pre'thee no more prating: go, Ile hold, this is  
the third time; I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers:  
Away, go, they say there is Diuinity in odde Numbers,  
either in nativity, chance, or death: away.

*Qui.* Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can  
to get you a paire of hornes.

*Fal.* Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head &  
mince. How now M. Broome? Master Broome, the mat-  
ter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the  
Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall  
see wonders.

*Ford.* Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told  
me you had appointed?

*Fal.* I went to her (Master Broome) as you see, like a  
poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master Broome)  
like a poore-old-woman; that same knaue (Ford his hut-  
band) hath the finest mad diuell of ieaousie in him (Mas-  
ter Broome) that euer gouern'd France. I will tell you,  
he beate me greuously, in the shape of a woman; (for in  
the shape of Man (Master Broome) I feare) not Goliath  
with a Weauers beame, because I know also, life is a  
Shuttle I am in halt, go along with mee, Ile tell you all  
(Master Broome:) since I pluckt Geese, plaide Trewant,  
and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till  
lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this  
knaue Ford, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I  
will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, strange  
things in hand (M. Broome) follow.

Exeunt

## Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

*Page.* Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Castle ditch,  
till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember son Slen-  
der, my

*Slen.* I forsooth, I haue spoke with her, & we haue  
anay-word, how to know one another. I come to her  
in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that

we know one another.

*Shal.* That's good too: But what needes either your  
Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well  
enough. It hath strooken ten a'clocke.

*Page.* The night is darke, Light and Spirites will be-  
come it wel: Heaven prosper our sport. No man means  
euill but the deuill, and we shall know him by his hornes.  
Lets away: follow me.

Exeunt

## Scena Tertia.

Enter Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Caius.

*Mist. Page.* Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when  
you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her  
to the Deauerie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into  
the Parke: we two must go together.

*Cai.* I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

*Mist. Page.* Fare you well (Sir) my husband will not  
reioyce so much at the abuse of Falstoffs, as he will chafe  
at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no mat-  
ter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-  
break.

*Mist. Ford.* Where is *Naw* now? and her troop of Fair-  
ies? and the Welch-deuill *Herne*?

*Mist. Page.* They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes  
Oake, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant  
of Falstoffs and our meeting, they will at once display to  
the night.

*Mist. Ford.* That cannot choose but amaze him.

*Mist. Page.* If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If  
he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

*Mist. Ford.* Wee'll betray him finely.  
Those that betray them, do no treachery.

*Mist. Ford.* The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the  
Oake.

Exeunt

## Scena Quarta.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

*Evans.* Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your  
parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and  
when I giue the watch-ords, do as I bid you: Come,  
come, trib, trib.

Exeunt

## Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstoffs, Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Evans,  
Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly,  
Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistol.

*Fal.* The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelve: the Mi-  
nute drawes-on: Now the hot-blooded-Gods assist me:  
Remember loue, thou wast a Bull for thy *Europa*, Loue  
set on thy hornes. O powerfull Loue, that in some re-  
spects makes a Beast a Man: in som other, a Man a beast.  
You were also (Jupiter) a Swan, for the loue of *Leda*: O

omnipotent

omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the com-  
plexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a  
beast, (O Loue, a beastly fault:) and then another fault,  
in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Loue) a fowle-  
fault. When Gods haue hot backs, what shall poore  
men do? For me, I am heere a Windsor Stagge, and the  
fastest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time  
(Loue) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who  
comes heere: my Doe?

*M. Ford.* Sir Iohn? Art thou there (my Deere?)  
My male-Deere?

*Fal.* My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie  
raie Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-  
fleeces, haile-kissing Comfits, and snow Eringoes: Let  
there come a tempest of prouocation, I will shelter mee  
heere.

*M. Ford.* Mist. Page is come with me (sweet hart.)

*Fal.* Diuide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch:  
I will keepe my sides to my selfe, my shoulders for the  
fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your  
husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne*  
the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience,  
he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

*M. Page.* Alas, what noise?

*M. Ford.* Heaven forgie our finnes.

*Fal.* What should this be?

*M. Ford.* Mist. Page. Away, away.

*Fal.* I thinke the diuell wil not haue me damn'd,  
Least the oyle that's in me should set hell on fire;  
He would neuer else crosse me thus.

Enter Fairies.

*Qui.* Fairies blacke, gray, Greene, and white,  
You Moone-shine reuelers, and shades of night.

You Orphan heires of fixed destiny,  
Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier Hob-goblin, make the Fairy Oyes.

*Pist.* Elues, list your names: Silence you airy toyes.  
Cricker, to Windsor-chimnies shalt thou leape;

Where fires thou find'st vnrak'd, and hearths vnswep't,  
There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry,

Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

*Fal.* They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die,  
Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes must eie.

*Eu.* Wher's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a maid  
Raile vp the Organs of her fantasie,

Sleepe she as sound as careless infancie,  
But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their sins,

Pinch them armes, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, & shins.

*Qui.* About, about:  
Search Windsor Castle (Elues) within, and out.

Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery sacred roome,  
That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,

In state as wholsome, as in state 'tis fit,  
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.

The feuerall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre  
With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre,

Each faire Instalment, Coate, and scullall Crest,  
With loyall Blazon, euermore be blest.

And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing  
Like to the *Garters*-Compass, in a ring,

The pressure that it beares: Greene let it be,  
Mote fertile-fresh then all the Field to see:

And, *Hony Soit* *Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write  
In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,

Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroiderie,

Buckled below faire Knight  
Fairies vse Flowres for the  
Away, disperse: But till  
Our Dance of Custome, re-  
Of *Herne* the Hunter, let

*Evans.* Pray you lock hart  
And twenty glow-worms  
To guide our Measure rou-

But stay, I smell a man of r-  
*Fal.* Heauens defend n-

Least he transforme me to  
*Pist.* Wilde worme, the

birth.

*Qui.* With Triall-fire  
If he be chaste, the flame w-

And turne him to no paine  
It is the flesh of a corrupte

*Pist.* A triall, come.

*Evans.* Come: will this y-

*Fal.* Oh, oh, oh.

*Qui.* Corrupt, corrupte  
About him (Fairies) sing a

And as you trip, till pinch

The

*Fie on stonest phantase: Fie*

*Lust is but a bloody fire, kind*

*Fed in heart whose flou*

*As thoughts do blow*

*Pinch him (Fairies) mutua*

*Pinch him, and burn*

*Till Candles, & St*

*Page.* Nay do not flye,

now: VVill none but

turne?

*M. Page.* I pray you co

Now (good Sir Iohn) how

See you these husband? D

Become the Forrest better

*Ford.* Now Sir, whose

*M. Broome.* Falstoffs a Kn

Heere are his hornes Mast

And Master Broome, he ha

money, which must be pai

arrested for it, M. Broome.

*M. Ford.* Sir Iohn, we

neuer meere: I will neuer

but I will alwayes count y

*Fal.* I do begin to per

*Ford.* I, and an Oxe to

tant.

*Fal.* And these are not

I was three or foure times

Fairies, and yet the guiltin

surprize of my powers, dr

perly into a receiu'd belee

all time and reason, tha

how wit may be made a I

employment.

*Evans.* Sir Iohn Falst

desires, and Fairies will n

*Ford.* VVell said Fairy

*Evans.* And leaue you